With The Rambler

GREEN VALLEY, beginning in the Arlington highlands and gently sloping and widening to its junction with the valley of Four Mile run, is a region which, though close to Washington, is neglected by or unknown to the great majority of Washingtonians. The approaches to the valley head from the direction of Washington are in some degree unlovely, but once in this valley or on the crest of the ridges that girt it its beauty strongly strikes one's fancy. And many stories worth the telling are parts of the history of the valley.

There are, of course, more ways than one of reaching Green valley, but the Rambler followed the old north and south post road, which leads along the east front of Arlington. Because of the improvement of this ancient way between the Aqueduct bridge and the Columbia turnpike, and the new road from the south end of the Highway bridge across the Arlington lowlands now occupied by the experiment farm of the Department of Agriculture, the east gates of Arlington, those inscribed to Ord and Wetzel, Sheridan and McClellan, are coming into their just estate and fulfilling the purpose of their erection. More and more are pilgrims to the solemn groves and grave-pitted acres of Arlington coming to make their entrance by one of the east gates. The entrance to Arlington in the days of George Washington Parke Custis and Robert E. Lee, from the time of the building of the mansion to the fortification of the heights, was from the old post road at the eastern base of the ridge.

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The burial grounds of Arlington have been considerably extended and the Seneca red sandstone wall topped with slabs of Potomac bluestone has been lengthened so that its southeast angle incloses the site of an early settlement of colored people, which was called Freedmen's City. But in that neighborhood, strung along and set back from the old post road and the Columbia pike, is an irregularly built village peopled by colored folk, many of them descended from those who settled there under the protection of the Union camps, hospitals and fortified lines, which were a feature of that country during the civil war. These people grouped or herded themselves there after emancipation, and many of them came before emancipation, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of them having taken secret leave of their masters and the old plantations in Maryland and Virginia. A good many of the first settlers survive and the Rambler in the course of the years of his writing has transcribed from the lips of these old people many interesting narratives.

Walking southerly along the road from the Aqueduct and passing the southeast end of the Arlington wall a steep grade leads up to the crossing of the electric railway which runs from Washington by way of the Highway bridge and Arlington Junction to Falls Church, Vienna, Fairfax Court House and a hundred intermediate places. The point on the road which the Rambler has now reached is marked by a small station called Clark. Here the road starts down grade and then up, and through the dip runs the Columbia pike, one of the important lines of travel between the Potomac valley and the west before the age of railroads, and still a road over which passes a heavy volume of traffic.

Crossing the Columbia pike and climbing the grade beyond, you come to a height where, weedy and tangle grown, rest the ruins of Fort Albany, and in these ruins stands a brick church, about which the Rambler has previously written and which, from most of the high points in Washington and its northern and eastern environs, is a sky mark on the Virginia hills. It is Mount Zion Colored Baptist Church. It is a bold brick structure, with red sides, a dun front and was erected in 1884. The congregation was organized by ex-slaves, either just before or after emancipation, and that congregation worshiped in a small frame building in the nearby settlement of Freedmen's City, or as it was often called, Freedmen's village. That was the village which was wiped out by the southeastly extension of the Arlington grounds. Living next to the brick church is a colored woman, who told the Rambler that her family belonged to the great Fauntleroy family of King and Queen county, Va., and her people settled in Freedmen's village a few days after the occupation of Richmond by Federal troops, in April, 1865.

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Continuing south from the church you are sensible that your road is passing along the crest of a narrow ridge, the sides of which slope steeply to the east and west. To the west is a narrow valley. It is the head of Green valley. A branch flows through it and its name is Long branch. From the various "draws" and ravines that run down into Green valley many little streams add the flow to that of Long branch, and that branch, before it has followed its course for a mile, becomes a stream of some magnitude, raging in time of heavy rain and maintaining a very respectable flow even in time of drought. To the east the ridge falls away to the flat lands which stretch to the river. The eye can pick out all the familiar buildings in Washington, as well as on the hills that rim the city on the north, west and east. It is one of the glorious views of this region.

A few hundred yards ahead of you and on the east crest of the ridge, rising out of a lacework of trees just touched with the promise of green leaf buds, you see two tall square chimneys, heavy red brick walls, white pillared porches and bright green shutters. It is a noble old house, and you note that some new owner has taken it under his charge. It is sprucing up and telling every passerby that good times have come.

For years the Rambler has known that old house. For years it has spoken of its neglect to everybody who passed that way. The fine gardens, that in happier days bloomed around it, were ruinous and dejected, but the old house, even when it hungered for fresh paint and stood in dire need of window glass and blinds, always looked proudly, almost defiantly, out upon the road. But the house seems very happy now. Prosperity gives it a cheerful tone. The grounds have been cleared up, a jungle of shiftless growth has been cleared away and a gardener was setting out in fresh, new beds scores of ornamental shrubs when the Rambler walked that way.

Long before the civil war that house was the home of Jacob Roach, a considerable landholder thereabouts. He owned a grist mill on Four Mile run, and on the old maps you can mark the exact location of Roach's mill. As a contractor he made much money out of the building of the Loudoun and Hampshire railroad, which became the Bluemont division of the Southern railway and is now the electric line to Leesburg and Bluemont.

The Rambler has been told that James Roach at the outbreak of the civil war organized a cavalry troop, entered the Confederate army and did not return to his home overlooking Washington. The place came into possession of a nephew, who was a bachelor, and finally fell into the hands of others than members of the Roach family. The Rambler has striven to find out more about the Roach family and the owners of this land, before James Roach came to live there, but his efforts have as yet yielded no fruit. It is said that the land records of that part of the country were destroyed during the civil war.

After turning your back on the ruins of Fort Albany and starting toward the old Roach house you come to a fork of the road. The left fork continues its course along the backbone of the ridge and you followed it to the old brick house with the big chimneys, white porches and fresh green blinds. The right-hand fork leads down the west slope of the ridge into Green valley and either by turning back or by cutting cross-lots down the hill you can get into this road. This is a part of the post road which connected the New England colonies, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore with the Carolinas and Georgia, and passed through Bladensburg, Georgetown, Alexandria, Dumfries and Fredericksburg on its way to Charleston and Savannah. It was the road over which George Washington traveled between Mount Vernon and the north. The road along the top of the ridge is a newer way, though its age is great as the ages of roads in this new and fast developing land are measured.

Along the older road the oak-grown ridge slopes upward on the left, and far out to the right stretches Green valley, now become much wider than when you had your first glimpse of it from where Fort Albany stood. The bed of the valley is not flat, but a succession of low hills and short ridges with vales between. On the opposite slope and on the crest of the farther ridge are a few houses, nearly all of them new. The rolling, almost rough landscape is yellow with sedge, but clumps and lines of cedars and patches of pines give a cheering touch to the view.

A mile or so further down the valley, so far down that the ridge beyond Four Mile run has changed from light, misty blue to a rich purple, you come to a place where the main road veers from the south to the southwest and a private road leads straight ahead. At this parting of the ways the Rambler pauses for a few minutes.

Down the private road can be seen through the bare branches of many oaks an old house of most substantial build and so well cared for that but for its chimneys, its dormer windows and other architectural features you might mistake it for a new house. Venerable trees grow above a well kept lawn. A neatly clipped box hedge and a lily pond at the foot of a flight of steps leading up a terrace are items in the picture. Under the trees is a rustic summer house very like that which the Rambler found in the grounds of the Vineyard, adjoining the Soldiers' Home, and wrote about last fall. On a hilltop off the main road and about a third of a mile from the house is a thicket of tall cedars, their trunks interlaced with honeysuckle vines that have kept green all winter. In this melancholy place, within an iron picket fence, are tombstones. On one of the monuments the Rambler read these names and dates:

"William Fraser, died October, 1824, aged 75 years."

"Mary Fraser, wife of William Fraser."

"Anthony R. Fraser, born November 12, 1794; died February 1, 1881."

"Presha Lee Fraser, wife of Anthony Fraser, born 1799; died 1859."

"William Lee Fraser, born February 17, 1824; died July 7, 1868."

This information is enough to show the reader that he is now upon the Fraser estate of Green valley, which gave its name to this region, and that the old house down the private road with the box hedge, the terrace, the lily pond and the rustic summer house is the old Fraser mansion. The Rambler spent an interesting hour there.

Anthony Fraser was the owner of this land when camps and forts covered it from 1861 to 1865. He was an old man then. He had become blind and the members of his family have told the Rambler that his greatest sorrow was to listen to the sound of hundreds of axes as Union soldiers felled the forest on his land that the fort guns might have a clear field of fire, that no cover might be afforded to the enemy and that timber might be obtained for revetments for the earthworks, for barracks for the convalescent camp close by and for many other purposes.

In that old house today lives a daughter of Anthony Fraser and his wife, who was Miss Presha Lee of Montgomery county, Md. The name of the woman is Mrs. Sickles—Mrs. J. E. Sickles, if the Rambler remembers the initials. Her daughter and her daughter's husband also live there. They are Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Carter. The house is full of old mahogany and antique rugs. Oil portraits of Frasers line the walls of one of the rooms, and a feature of the dining room is one of the white marble mantels that was taken out of the White House when changes were made in that house during the term of President Roosevelt.

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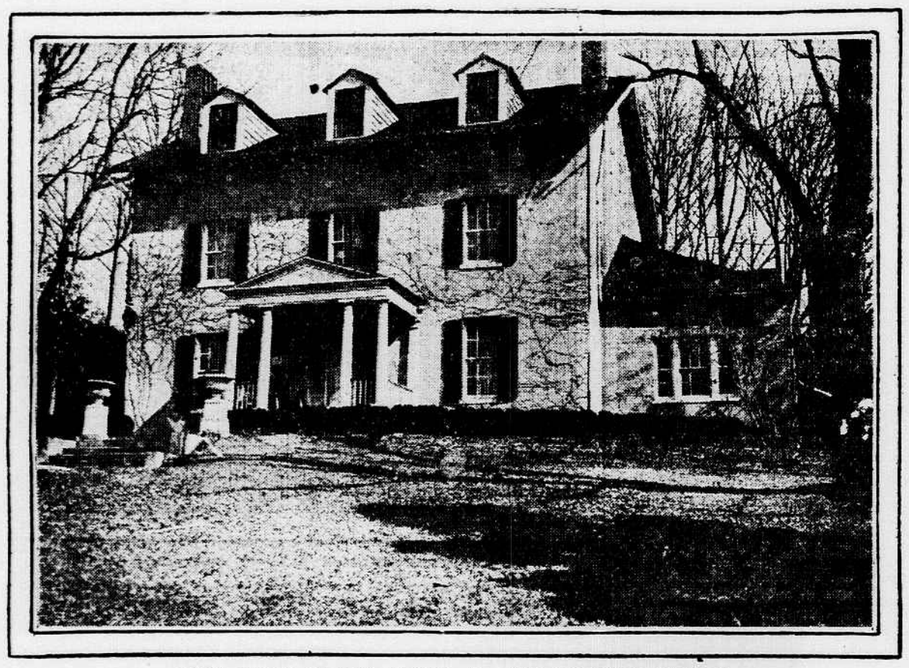
The grandfather of Anthony Fraser was the first of the American Frasers. He came to Virginia soon after the beheading in the Tower of London of Lord Lovat. That execution was April 9, 1747. And here is an interesting story. The first of the American Frasers was a son of Lord Lovat. The name of that lord was Simon Fraser. He was born about 1676 at Tanish in Ross-shire. In the fourteenth century his ancestor had migrated from Tweedale to Inverness-shire, and Hugh, his grandson, had been made Lord Lovat in 1431.

The career of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, makes a chapter in English history. It is written that in the rebellion of 1745 Lovat sent forth his clan, under his son, to fight for the pretender while he was protesting his loyalty. Culloden lost, he fled, but was captured and brought up to London, being sketched at St. Albans by Hogarth. After trial by impeachment by the house of lords he was beheaded in the tower. There is a good deal of literature about the career of Lord Lovat. A biography of him was written in 1847 by Hill Burton, and in Sir W. Fraser's "Chiefs of Grant," and in Maj. Fraser's manuscript, edited by Col. A. Fergusson, in 1889, may be read many facts about the Lords Lovat, and especially about that Lord Lovat who was Simon Fraser, the ancestor of the Virginians whom the Rambler visited last Sunday in Green valley.

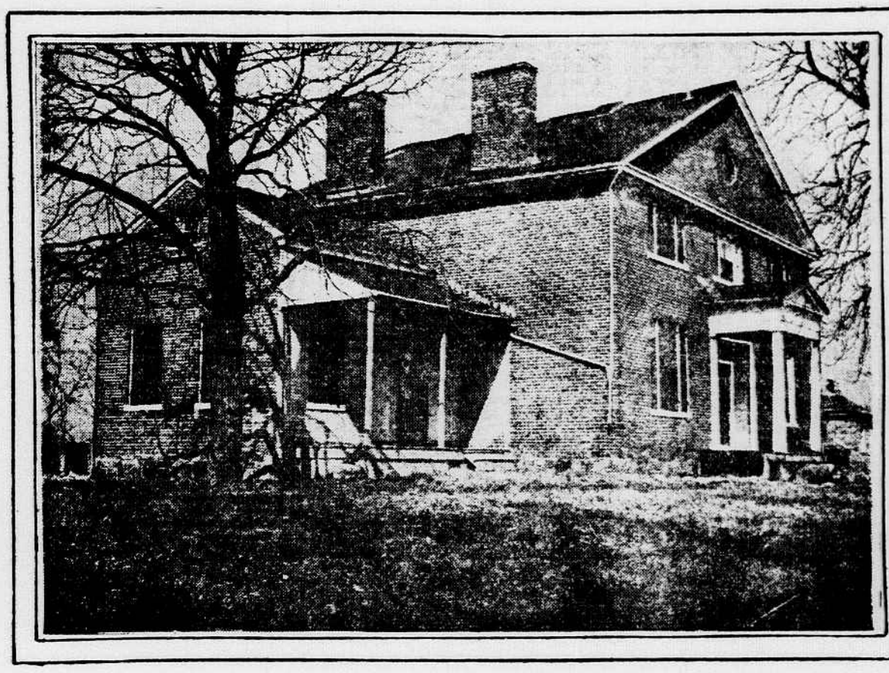
On this estate is a spring which for a century has been inclosed by a stone springhouse. That spring has been familiar to travelers over the post road through Green valley for two centuries. George Washington, traveling over that road on horseback or in a coach, liked to stop there to drink, and there is a legend that he used to tie his horse to a persimmon tree of great age, which grows close by the spring. An interesting feature of the Green valley farm is a barn whose sides are heavy white pine planking, at least a century old and still in a well preserved condition.



WEST FRONT OF THE FRASER, OR GREEN VALLEY, MANSION.

SPRING AND SPRINGHOUSE WHERE GEORGE WASHINGTON OFTEN STOPPED TO DRINK.

A GREEN VALLEY BARN OF WHITE PINE, CONSIDERABLY MORE THAN A CENTURY OLD.



THE JAMES ROACH HOUSE, LONG A LANDMARK, NEAR WASHINGTON.

GOVERNMENT'S NEWLY CREATED MILITARY FORCE IS HUMANITARIAN

For the First Time in History a Military Organization, the Coast Guard, Is Formed for Helpful Instead of Destructive Purposes—It Constitutes a Real and Effective Naval Reserve of More Than 4,000 Trained Officers and Men, Says Captain Commandant E. P. Bertholf—He Knows All About the Coast Guard and Has for Long Favored Its Creation—The Old Life-saving Service and the Revenue Cutter Service—The Establishment of the Coast Guard Service as an Economy.

"CONGRESS in combining the revenue cutter service and the life-saving service into the new coast guard service, for the first time in the history of the world has brought about the establishment of a military branch of government primarily for humanitarian purposes. The coast guard is a military organization for the conservation of life and property and its protection from the ravages of the sea.

"When you come to consider this you must realize that herein there is a startling departure from the conception of all ages that the principal function of a military force is to destroy life and property."

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It is Capt. Ellsworth P. Bertholf, captain commandant of the newly established coast guard service of the United States, speaking. Since 1911 he has been captain commandant of the revenue cutter service, which is now merged into the new establishment. He is the man to direct the destinies of the coast guard; he it is who, perhaps more than any one else, knows all about the coast guard. For long he has favored its creation. In fact, the idea of it is his "baby."

But before letting him tell about it he should be properly introduced to the reader. Behold him then, a husky, stocky, muscular, alert, active, vigorous sailorman. The first glance shows that his natural environment is the quarter deck, but the man's record shows also that he is the possessor of extraordinary organizing and executive ability. As a bureau chief in Washington, where the subtler arts are necessary to get things done, he has demonstrated his capacity just as in the years past he demonstrated his capacity as an able master of men aboard ship or in leading desperate expeditions.

The quality of Capt. Bertholf was shown in an incident in his earlier career, an incident which, as much as anything else, brought him to his present commanding position.

It was in November, 1897. Bertholf, then a second lieutenant in the revenue cutter service, three months before had been detailed to shore duty at headquarters in Washington, his first shore detail since entering the service. He had started, in his leisure evenings, to take a law course in one of the universities of the capital city, with the thought, possibly, of quitting his profession for another one.

Suddenly word came of the direful plight of some 250 men of the whaling fleet in the Arctic ocean. Their ships delaying too long, had been caught in the ice of Bering strait and two of the vessels had been crushed. Without provisions these 250 men had made their way to the tiny settlement at Point Barrow, Alaska, where they and the few native and white inhabitants were in imminent danger of being starved to death.

The revenue cutter service determined to send an expedition to their relief. The personnel was selected and the orders issued. At the last moment one of the officers selected could not go.

"Bertholf, we are up against it," said the captain commandant when Bertholf appeared at the office that morning. "Dodge can't go. We need a volunteer."

"All right," said Bertholf, nonchalantly, flicking away his cigarette, "I'll go." Before that instant the thought had never entered his head.

A few hours later he was on his way to Seattle. His sole equipment on leaving was a supply of smokes and a change of linen. His only embarrassment on getting away—and that he did not regard seriously—was the fact that he had no overcoat. A $150 a month lieutenant cannot afford a Beau Brummel wardrobe. That morning the tailor had taken his one overcoat for rebuilding and repairs, and before Bertholf could notify him of the change of plans, had ripped it to pieces. However, a telegram to Seattle had arranged for an arctic outfit to be ready for him on arrival there.

Early in December, 1897, the revenue cutter Bear landed the relief expedition on the ice three miles off Nunivak Island on the Bering seacoast of Alaska, 1,700 miles south of Point Barrow. It was remarkable that the ship could have reached so northerly a point at that season. The fact that she was built for ice work with eighteen feet of solid teak in her bows accounts for her ability to do it.

Equipped only with such supplies as they could carry on their backs, the three members of the expedition started off in the black Arctic night. They were Lieut. D. H. Jarvis and Lieut. E. P. Bertholf and Surgeon S. J. Call of the revenue cutter service.

Nine hundred miles they walked over the ice to Cape Prince of Wales, one of the government reindeer stations. There they gathered up 500 reindeer, secured the services of some Eskimos, and with them started on the eight-hundred-mile drive to Point Barrow.

There is no necessity of dwelling on the horrors, the trials and the sufferings of the march. It was in April when they finished the journey and brought the deer to the starving and scurvy-ridden people at Point Barrow. Not an accident had happened, not a deer had been lost.

The 250 whalers were not of the highest type of citizenship. They needed a lot of governing, and that was the officers' job. For their own well being, physical, mental and moral, systematically they were made to work. There were mutinies of sorts. None of them got very far. Bertholf can handle men. That, by the way, is one of his marked qualities.

Through the service he is known as a disciplinarian, strict and efficient. But sailor men who serve under him, just like these whalers, come to know that he has their interests at heart and will fight for those interests; and they, as the whalers did, hold him in high respect and affection. He is the idol of the enlisted man.

All hands at Point Barrow came through the winter in fine shape. In July, 1898, the Bear arrived and took out to civilization the crews of those vessels which had been wrecked, while the other refugees returned on their own vessels.

On their return to the states Lieut. Bertholf and his two fellow officers of the relief expedition found to their amazement and deep chagrin that the United States had been in a war and that the war was all over without any of them having had a chance to get in it. Their disgust was profound and soul-racking. But an appreciative Congress salved their injured feelings somewhat by awarding to each a medal of honor and conferring upon them that unusual distinction, the thanks of Congress.

Uncle Sam marked Lieut. Bertholf down in his book as a handy young man for arduous jobs. Uncle Sam found, among other things, that Bertholf had learned Russian and Eskimo while north. So in 1901, when the Department of the Interior wanted to improve the breed of reindeer in Alaska by introducing bigger stock from Siberia, the home of the reindeer, Lieut. Bertholf was selected to do the work. He went into Siberia by way of Moscow and the Trans-Siberian railroad to Lake Baikal, from which he had to take a little jaunt of 2,000 miles by horse post down the Lena.

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Following that was another journey of a thousand miles partly by reindeer post and partly by dog sled to reach the point in the interior back from the Sea of Okhotsk, where the big reindeer are found. All of this traveling had to be done in winter time, when sled travel is at its best. Lieut. Bertholf made the entire journey, mingling with an aboriginal and often savage people, many of whom had never seen even a native Russian, accompanied only by an interpreter.

Russian officials who knew of his expedition marveled at his success and at his lack of serious trouble. But, as has been said heretofore, Bertholf knows how to handle men, be they sailor men, savages or government officials.

He bought 400 of the sort of deer he wanted, drove them down to the sea and in the spring he went on to Vladivostock, where he chartered a steamer to transport the heard to Alaska. In a few weeks he landed them in good condition at Port Clarence, Alaska.

Once more Uncle Sam wrote laudatory comments about Lieut. Bertholf in his records, things wich Uncle Sam turned to when, in 1911, he came to select from among the captains of the revenue cutter service a captain commandant for a four-year detail.

Again, in 1912, when Uncle Sam was picking out maritime experts to represent him at the International Conference on Safety at Sea, the name of Bertholf came up, for the record showed that he was an officer who thinks, who had ideas, who applies them, and who happened to possess special qualifications for the work to be undertaken by the conference. So Capt. Bertholf went off to London, where, in the conference, he did notable work.

Just now he is applying all of his varied experience to te task of getting the new combined organization on its feet. Born in New York in 1866, he was graduated in early manhood from the revenue cutter academy—the service's training school for officers—and since then has served on both coasts and on the great lakes.

Sitting recently in his office in the Treasury Department at Washington, he talked of the coast guard and the genesis of its name. Said he:

"August 4, 1790, when the revenue cutter service was first established—which, by the way, was seven years before the establishment of the United States Navy—the law authorized the building of ten cutters for the protection of the revenue. Hence the name revenue cutters, by which the service has since been known.

CAPT. ELLSWORTH P. BERTHOLF,
Captain commandant of the newly established coast guard service.
(Photo by Clinedinst.)

"In 1797 the President was authorized to increase the strength of the service, 'and cause the said revenue cutters to be employed to defend the seacoast and to repel any hostilities to their vessels and commerce.' In 1798 he was authorized further to employ any of the revenue cutters 'for the purpose of defense against hostilities near the seacoast.'

"So we see that early in history the service's potentialities as a force to guard the coast were recognized. It has been a veritable coast guard ever since. Further than this, in every war the revenue cutters have been consolidated with the navy and actively employed for defensive and offensive purposes, justifying their military character.

"As our commerce increased and our merchant marine developed, new duties were put upon the revenue cutters, much of them being directed to guarding the coast lines. For example, in 1837 Congress by law directed the President to 'cause them to cruise upon the coast in season of severe weather and to afford such aid to distressed navigators as their circumstances may require.'

"The cutters also were engaged in the suppression of piracy in the Caribbean sea and on the Spanish main. They also were engaged in breaking up the slave trade, but all the time they were preventing smuggling and thus protecting the revenue. In later years the enforcement of the navigation laws, assisting in enforcing the quarantine and immigration laws and in preventing filibustering expeditions also have occupied the attention of the cutters. Then, too, there is the ice patrol in the north Atlantic and the destruction of dangerous derelicts at sea.

"In 1878 the life-saving service was established also to guard the coast, but in a different manner. Prior to that time there had been a few stations on the Atlantic coast to render assistance to stranded vessels, and these were supervised in a way by the revenue cutter officers. The new establishment increased the number of stations and organized a force that has been of immeasurable assistance in saving life and property.

"Thus we have had these two coast guarding establishments in the Treasury Department, one to guard the coast, to enforce the laws along the coast and to assist navigation, and the other guarding mariners from danger threatened by the sea. The duties and responsibilities of the two naturally have interlocked, and close co-operation between them has been necessary in time of peace as well as in time of war.

"The life-saving service, you know, also plays its part in war, while heretofore not having a strictly military character. During the Spanish-American war it did valuable work by converting its stations into signal stations, upon which the navy relied.

"Realizing that much better results could be obtained by combining the two services under one head, Congress has amalgamated them and has adopted the logical name, coast guard, since neither of the old names is properly descriptive.

"While the military idea has prevailed to an extent in both old services, it becomes more pronounced in the new, for it is realized that promptness of action and efficiency in emergencies can best be secured under military discipline. The fact is to be emphasized that the coast guard is essentially military in its organization and discipline. It is the only military organization ever formed by any government purely for humanitarian purposes.

"The new service is the beginning of a potent naval reserve to be used in the national defense should the occasion ever arise. The old revenue cutter service, always organized on a military basis, contains thirty-six cruising vessels and nineteen smaller vessels, patrolling all the coasts of the United States, from Maine to Florida, the gulf, the entire west coast including Alaska, and Porto Rico and Hawaii. The personnel is made up of 1,900 officers and men. Officers for the service are trained at the revenue cutter academy at New London, Conn.

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"The old life-saving service consists of 280 stations on the Atlantic, gulf and Pacific coasts and on the great lakes, the most northerly station being at Nome, Alaska. The personnel contains 2,200 officers and men.

"The combination of these two gives a naval reserve of 4,100, of whom 250 are highly trained officers. In time of war, drilled, trained and instructed in military duties, the entire force would be of great value to the country.

"The life-saving stations now form a line of communication all along the coasts. On the Atlantic, in that region most requiring protection, they are from three to six miles apart, and are connected by telephone. Their military value can readily be appreciated. The force at these stations, as the need arises, could be expanded with ease.

"In the reorganization of the service the coast line is separated into divisions, each division in command of an officer. Each division, in turn, is subdivided into districts, with a superintendent in charge of all the coast guard stations in his district, while the division commander is responsible for the efficiency of all coast guard cutters in his division. Parenthetically, I may state that hereafter the vessels are to be known as coast guard cutters and the old life-saving stations as coast guard stations.

"Each cutter reports its position each day to the division commander or headquarters, and as the coast guard stations are connected by telephone and all cutters are equipped with radio apparatus, communication with all parts of the organization is rapid and complete. This insures remarkable mobility in operation. For the present it is probable that we will maintain only four divisions, two on each coast.

"No radical changes are contemplated since the past organization of the two services, both under the Secretary of the Treasury, lend themselves to easy amalgamation.

"Nearly every existing coast guard station is equipped with a motor-driven surf boat, and wherever the station is situated on an inlet it has a strong, able, thirty-six-foot power boat, self-bailing and self-righting. These, being found at intervals all along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, can be used for enforcing the motor boat laws and regulations, for which duty they heretofore have not been available.

"Right now a committee is working out all the details of the reorganization. It consists of Capt. D. P. Foley, District Supt. E. C. Chapman and Capt. A. J. Henderson.

"It should be a matter of pride to all Americans that no other government in the world has gone so far in protecting its seamen and those who go down to the sea in ships in such a thorough and systematic manner as the United States government is protecting them through its coast guard. It is true that England maintains what is termed a coast guard. That is a patrol, under naval auspices, along the coast line to prevent smuggling, but the life-saving service there is non-existent. In place of it, there are maintained at places on the coast lifeboats, placed there by voluntary subscription. When a ship comes ashore and lives are in danger the alarm goes out among the fisher folk and coast dwellers, and they launch the lifeboat and go to the assistance of the mariners. It is all on the same plan as the old-time volunteer fire department of our villages.

"France has nothing in the slightest resembling our system. The navy there is presumed to protect the coast for revenue and all other purposes, even to manning the sea coast defenses, a task which is allotted to the Coast Artillery Corps of the army in this country. France has no organized life-saving service and its marine patrol save that of the navy.

"Spain has a 'guarda costa,' but it is purely a shore patrol to prevent smuggling and nothing else.

"The flag of our new organization will be the flag of the old revenue cutter service, save for the substitution of the words 'U. S. Coast Guard Service.' The motto of the old revenue cutter service, adopted in 1790, 'Semper Paratus'—always prepared—remains.

"From a dollars and cents point of view, and leaving aside the fact that this consolidation has effected the creation of an additional naval reserve, increasing the strength of the existing navy personnel about 7½ per cent, the establishment of the coast guard service is a measure of economy. The combined new service is to cost the government $5,400,000 a year. Here is a summary of accomplishments of the old revenue cutter service during the last fiscal year:

Lives saved or persons rescued from peril	476
Persons on board vessels assisted	1,987
Persons in distress taken on board and cared for	487
Vessels boarded and papers examined	28,787
Vessels seized or reported for violation of law	908
Fines and penalties incurred by vessels reported	$204,310
Regattas and marine parades patrolled, in accordance with law	59
Vessels to which assistance was rendered	219
Derelicts and obstructions to navigation removed or destroyed	31
Value of vessels assisted (including cargoes)	$9,056,351
Value of derelicts recovered and delivered to owners	$145,000

"And here is a similar statement of what the old life-saving service did in the same time.

Number of vessels involved	1,937
Vessels totally lost	82
Persons on board	9,236
Lives lost	38
Persons conveyed to land or elsewhere to safety	4,762
Persons succored	929
Days' succor afforded	1,234
Value of vessels involved	$17,504,849
Values of cargoes	$4,202,050
Total value of property involved	$21,507,899
Value of property saved	$18,783,209
Value of property lost	$2,724,690

"From these figures, taking your own estimate as to what a human life is worth, you may calculate what the amalgamated service can do in the way of saving life and property. Is it not all worth while?" ASHMUN BROWN.